

*The Bible and The Army Number*

# THE WAR CRY

OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA WEST AND ALASKA

WILLIAM BOOTH  
FOUNDER

BRAMWELL BOOTH  
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CHAS. T. RICH, Lt.-Commissioner



“The Word of the Lord was precious in those days”

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# The Story of Our Bible

It was in the year 1428, or thereabouts, a man named Lawrence Coster was seen walking on the outside of the walls of the old city of Haarlem, in Holland. His pace was slow, and it was evident that his mind was engaged in deep thought. As he walked, he came to a grove, and there he cut with his knife a piece of bark from a tree, and amused himself with carving the bark. Now and then he paused, and then again went on with his work. As he turned to go home he found he had cut the shape of a number of raised letters on the face of the bark.

That evening he sat down in his house, and carved more letters on other pieces of wood. When he had done several in this way he fastened them together by a piece of string. Some ink was then made thick, and rubbing the faces of the letters with it, he pressed a sheet of paper against them. He gazed on what he had done with surprise, and well he might. To him it was the first idea of printing. He had made the earliest attempt, in Europe at least, of impressing on paper the thoughts of the mind. There was hope for the world in those pieces of bark tied together by a string.

The First Metal Type  
A few years passed away, and another man, of the name of Gutenberg, was busy in a small workshop in the German city of Metz, cutting letters. This time, however, they were not made of wood or bark, but of metal. Nor were several carved on one piece of wood, each was a separate type, or letter. Something of a machine, too, called a press, had been formed, and with these metal types he soon set about printing books.

The volume that was printed was a Latin Bible. It was not finished, as it would be now, in a few weeks; but nearly eight years passed before it came from the workman's hands. Every one who saw it was astonished. Why was it that they all appeared alike—page for page, line for line, the same to the smallest dot? Men knew but little of this infant art, nor did they forceze, in its first efforts, the earnest of the richest blessings to all mankind.

Surely it was well that the first volume thus printed was the best book—that it was God's Book.

England was to receive the benefit of the new art, in conveying to it the Scriptures in the language of the people, through the means of William Tyndale, who was a poor priest of one of the colleges in Oxford. As he sat one day with some fellow-priests, he spoke of the value of the Word of

God, when they mockingly jeered him, but Tyndale replied: "I will spare me, before many years I will cause a boy that driveth a plough to know more of the Scriptures than you do."

The young priest saw that the people were living and dying without Bible knowledge, deceived by the vain doctrines of that day, and he quietly resolved to get the New Testament printed in English for the use of all. This was a good and great thought—a bold and daring thought—for a poor man to cherish; yet, with the help of God, he was resolved to make the attempt. He was not content to plan and arrange this important work, but with labor and patience he sought to carry it forward.

## Times of Danger

But these were times of danger to those who truly feared God. Tyndale, therefore, set sail over the North Sea, and went to the great city of Hamburg. Then, removing to Cologne, he went on in the translation and printing of the New Testament, until ten sheets were done.

Two pious friends, Frith and Royle, assisted Tyndale in the translation. There they sat, day by day, in an old-fashioned room in an obscure street in the city of Cologne. Pens, parchment, and paper were before

bought by the rich, but though they were sold at a cheap rate, only a few of the poor could save money enough to purchase the holy book. Soon, however, they were found spread over the land, and many souls rejoiced in the Gospels and Epistles, which for the first time were held in their hands, and now cherished in their hearts.

## Thrust into a Dungeon

When the Romish Bishop of London was told that the printed books were coming fast to England, he was filled with alarm and anger. He soon sent out orders to make a diligent search among the merchants of London and the students of Oxford, for the forbidden work. Among the latter, some of those who were found to have it were thrust into a dungeon, where four of them soon died. Others were made to carry faggots of wood, and with them to kindle a fire, into which their own hands had to cast the books. As the flames rose into the air, the people were solemnly warned against the reading of the Word of God.

But the hope of burning the New Testament out of the land was all in vain. The printer-priest kept working off more copies, and they were taken across the seas hidden in the corn, which was carried to England, at a time when great scarcity was felt.

**WE BELIEVE** that the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments were given by the Inspiration of God, and that they only constitute the Divine rule of Christian faith and practice.—(The Articles of War of The Salvation Army.)

them; one read the Latin Bible, a second the Greek, and the third wrote down the words of the sacred text in English. In about a year this work was finished.

Tyndale then found a printer who was willing to print it. This was a service full of danger. Priests were on the alert to find out any who aided the reformers in their work. But onward the printing went. In this state of things, an agent of the Inquisition found out what was going forward.

So with much craft he made friends with the printers, and invited them to his house. Here he well supplied them with wine. In the midst of their mirth they made known the secret, that some hundreds of copies of the New Testament in English were in the press, which were to be secretly carried over the seas by the merchants. The next morning the printer's house was surrounded by officers, and the press was seized; but not before Tyndale, warned of the danger, ran to the rescue of his printed sheets, which he threw into a boat and pushed his way from the shore.

## A Rich Treasure

Sailing up the river Rhine he soon came to a safe place of labor. Often had the small ships of those days passed along this famous river with wares and wealth of the merchants of Germany, but never did one carry so rich a treasure as was in the boat which conveyed Tyndale and the Bible sheets to the city of Worms. After great pains, and cost, and toil, the last sheet of the New Testament was completed. Fifteen hundred copies were printed—a large edition in those days; and now the bread of life seems prepared for the people of his own dear native land.

English merchants took charge of the books, and carried them to England along with articles of commerce. The precious volumes were packed in bales, and sent to London, Norwich, and Oxford. There they were widely

Thus bread to feed the body, and the bread of life for the soul, came in the same ships, and were sent together through the land.

Finding how vain were all attempts to stop the circulation of the New Testaments, the next plan was to secure their author. Spies were sent over to decoy him to England. Though ready to suffer anything in his heavenly Master's work, he would not willingly throw himself into danger. Craft, however, brought him into the hands of his enemies.

While quietly pursuing his labor beneath the hospitable roof of an English friend, named Poyntz, at the city of Antwerp, two wolves in sheep's clothing came to the house—one in the disguise of a merchant; the other, who was a monk, was dressed as his servant. They pretended great interest in the doctrines of the Bible Christians, and were soon welcomed to their society. But Phillips—for that was the name of the pretended merchant—came to watch Tyndale, and, if possible, to seize him.

One day, when Poyntz went some miles distant on business, a snare was laid for the noble reformer. Phillips called on Tyndale to borrow forty shillings, under the excuse that he had lost his purse on the road. They then agreed to walk out together. There was a long, narrow passage to go through, leading to the street. Phillips drew back, as if politely to allow his friend to go first, when two officers were seen standing at the door.

## The Reward of Treachery

"Take your prisoner," cried the pretended friend; and in a moment Tyndale was in their grasp, while Phillips hastened to receive from the priests the reward of his treachery.

Once in the power of his enemies, nothing could save him from their wrath. In October, 1536, he was condemned as a heretic, and ordered to be burned. On being fastened to the



In the olden days.

stake, he raised his eyes to heaven, and cried—

"Lord, open the eyes of the King of England." His prayer was heard, for before three years had passed away King Henry of England gave his consent to the circulation of the Bible, in the native tongue, throughout the kingdom.

There were not many of the common people then who knew even the use of books. Any one who could read was deemed quite a "clerk," and a little crowd would gather around him, while others sat or stood listening to the blessed truths of God.

Many persons who had the money bought the book, though it cost a very large sum. As a proof of the desire to possess it, a farmer, it is said, once gave a load of hay for two or three chapters of the New Testament. Many elderly people learned to read on purpose to peruse for themselves God's holy Book; and even little children flocked among the rest to hear portions of it read. Truly, "the word of the Lord was precious in those days."

At the death of Henry, his son, Edward the Sixth, succeeded to the throne. He loved the Bible himself; he knew, from sweet experience, that its truths were precious to his soul. During his reign, which lasted only six years and a half, the press was fully employed; fifty editions of the Bible were issued; and numbers of the people were nourished by its truths.

## Counted Not Their Lives Dear

But Mary, who next sat on the English throne, was a cruel bigot. One of her first laws was to stop the people from reading the Bible. Then came dark days for England. It was the Bible and death; yet there were not only men, but delicate women and children, who counted not their lives dear to them for the steadfast love they bore to the Word of God.

Everywhere the enemies of the Bible were on the watch. They cast into prison, or placed in the stocks, the faithful servants of God; many of whom, refusing to return to Popery, were brought to the burning pile. Thus fell three hundred of England's best subjects—best, because they loved and obeyed the Word of God—victims to the bigotry of the cruel Mary.

After an unhonored reign, Mary died, unloved and unlamented; and her sister Elizabeth ascended the throne.

Soon the cruel laws of Mary were repealed, and the books went out

(Continued on page 4)



In The Army Open-Air Meeting.



## The Story of the Bible

(Continued from page 3)

again among the people, who received them gladly. A law was made that "every parish church should be provided with a Bible, and that every parson should have a Testament for his own private use."

How curious does such a law seem to us, when no minister, we should think, would be found without a New Testament in his study. Before the close of Elizabeth's reign there were two hundred and sixteen editions of the Bible issued from the English press, a great many more than were published in all the other parts of Europe.

Now we come to an important period in the history of the English Bible. James the First became sovereign of England at the death of Queen Elizabeth. Shortly after the festivities attendant upon his coronation were over, a great council was held in the winter of 1604, at Hampton Court Palace, a few miles from London.

The object of this meeting was to settle some church difficulties which had sprung up in the last reign; but it is chiefly interesting to us on account of an important measure issuing from it—a new and able translation of the Bible; and it is the translation then ordered to be made that is used by us at the present time, and called "the Authorised Version."

A great deal of care, and time, and learning, and study were bestowed upon this work, which have made the translation so valuable and enduring. In 1611, it was published as a noble folio Bible, which has been a fountain of life to thousands and thousands who read the English language.

Blessed be God for a full, cheap, and free Bible. We give thanks to God that the Bible is the birthright of all.

Let us then read the Bible with diligence.

And whilst we have a free and full Bible, and need not retire to the shelter of the forest to read its sacred pages for fear of a dungeon or a cruel death, we will think of other lands where superstition and ignorance prevail, and hope and pray for the time when God's Book shall be known through all the earth.

## Historic Bibles

The "Bug Bible" published in 1551, was so called because of the translation of Psalm 91-5, which read "afraid of bugs by night," instead of the present "terror by night."

The "Breeches Bible" is an English translation published at Geneva in 1560, and is named from its translation of Genesis iii, vii, which reads, "Making themselves breeches of fig leaves."

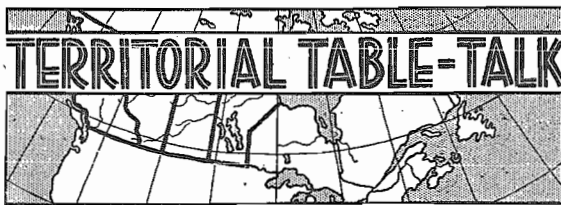
The "Wicked Bible," printed in England in 1631, left out the word "not" in the Seventh Commandment.

The "Thumb Bible" published in 1670 in Aberdeen, was one inch square and one-half inch thick.

The "Vinegar Bible," published in 1717, has the heading of the twentieth chapter of Luke, "The Parable of the Vinegar," instead of the "vineyard."

The "Devil's Bible" is the name given to a manuscript of the Bible taken to Stockholm after the Thirty Year's War. It is beautifully written on 300 asses' skins, and legend says it is the work of a monk condemned to death, who by selling himself to Satan was enabled to save his life by meeting the condition that he should copy the whole Bible on asses' skins in one night.

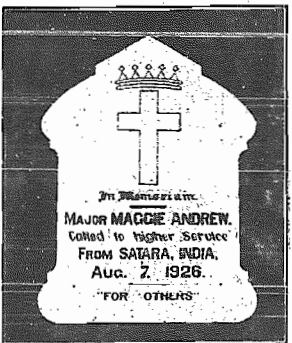
The "Treacle Bible" is an old edition published during the sixteenth century in which the verse, "No Balm in Gilead," is rendered, "Is there no treacle (molasses) in Gilead?"



Winnipeg, December 8, 1927

LIFE will be nearly a blank next week; there will be no "War Cry" to edit. However, we will console ourselves by trying to push the Christmas Number. Wonderful are the dispensations of the calendar, having no ordinary issue to read, there will be all that much more time to sell the extraordinary.

Following on conferences in other centres, Colonel Miller, the Chief Secretary, and Brigadier Taylor, the Field Secretary, had a busy day on Monday last; several hours were spent in consultation and counsel with Staff-Captain Steele, of the Manitoba Division.



By courtesy of the Canada East "Cry" we are enabled to give herewith an illustration of the Memorial Tablet recently erected at Elmville, Ont., to the memory of Major Maggie Andrew.

Not a few Comrades in Canada West Territory will be ready to congratulate Colonel Barr, of West Indies (East) Territory, on his recent promotion to full rank.

Major Hector Habkirk has been appointed by the Commissioner as Second-in-Command of the Winnipeg Men's Social Department. This is an item of special interest to many, and we predict a time of much usefulness for the Major. Brigadier Cummins and he should make a good team.

Captain Cormack, recently with Mrs. Cormack at Fort Rouge, has been transferred to the Men's Social Department, and is taking up duties in Winnipeg as Cashier at the Logan Avenue Office.

When we saw Ensign and Mrs. Majury a few days ago they were jubilant over their appointment to the command of the Selkirk Corps. We look for good news from that old-time centre.

One Monday morning the strange sight was seen of a well-dressed, prosperous merchant kneeling in front of the Bible House at Sydney, N.S.W. On the previous day he had, for the first time in twenty years, entered a church, where the preacher's message struck home to his conscience. His soul was disquieted within him as he came into the city on business. Glancing into the Bible House window, he saw a text which brought him peace. There and then he knelt down in the busy street and gave his heart to God.

As intimated last week, we much regret to hear that the Commissioner has been obliged to relieve Staff-Captain Harry Dray of his appointment at Winnipeg Men's Social Quarters. We trust, from time to time, to be able to give encouraging news about our good friend and Comrade.

Some interesting Corps changes are announced by the Field Secretary. Captain Mildred Reed, of Selkirk, is appointed to the charge of Fort Rouge Corps, with Lieut. Cath. Laurie as her assistant. Lieut. Laurie succeeded at Rainy River by Lieut. F. Henderson.

Congratulations are the order of the day in the Subscribers Department, and Major Oake looks even more pleasant—if that be possible; all due to the happy arrival of Baby Catherine. News too, is that mother and little one are doing well. That's good.

As we passed the Training College the other morning we saw a happy brigade of girl Cadets starting on their "War Cry" Boom march; all in good spirits, too. A sale of 1,700 copies in one day is enough to whet the appetite for more. But who could help buying our Christmas "Cry"?

We hear that the mother of Commandant Muttart of Calgary has passed to her reward. She finished her long earthly course of ninety-one years a few days ago. "When the righteous die, their end is peace."

Canada is a land of interesting contacts. In the Commissioner's Meeting at Coleman was a young woman who attended the same school in the Old Land as some members of the Commissioner's own family. Quite recently we happily identified three cousins of our own family whom we had never met before, but who easily proved their ancestry from our own family tree. Some day we will give ourselves to an article of such meetings—and partings.

Extra orders for the Christmas "Cry" are rolling in—we shall soon be over last year's high mark. The latest is one hundred additional copies for Vernon—for Norman the Conqueror.

Visiting an old woman who was dying of a very dreadful disease, a Comrade was asked in little more than a whisper if she could read something out of the Bible. "I'm so thirsty, sister, I keep longing for a drink of cool water, and I've been remembering this morning something that I have heard someone read out of the Psalms about a river; do please read it to me," and so the visitor read, "There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God." The old lady smacked her lips and whispered, "Oh, it's lovely, and soon I'll be there with no more thirst, for the river will make me glad."

There is a lady in Norfolk, England, who has many things to be congratulated upon. First there is her age; 105. Next there is her literary taste: she loves the glorious Elizabethan English of the Bible. Third is her memory: she knows all the Psalms by heart.

It is Mrs. Tylden, Lady of the Manor of Ingoldistree, and who is so fortunate. Every day a nurse reads alternate verses to her, and she makes the responses. Very few books wear so well that you can still love them after nearly a century of familiarity.

## DRUMHELLER DOINGS

Adjutant Reader and Captain McDowell—The Corps Cadet weekend Meeting, conducted by Corps Cadet Guardian Mrs. Langford, and her able band of Corps Cadets, were much enjoyed. A fine Meeting was conducted on Saturday night, being a good start for the weekend. The Corps Cadets took an active part in the Sunday morning Holiness Meeting, and in the Salvation Meeting the Bright was in line in "the firing line." In this gathering the Corps Cadets were presented with the Course "B" Certificates, and congratulated by Adjutant Reader, on their progress. The Adjutant also presented Envoy Miller, "Happy Jim," with a Long Service Badge. Jim had served as a Local Officer for thirty-five years. An inaugural address was given, and conviction was very evident.

The Home League, which consists of 33 energetic women, has just completed a very successful Sale of Work, in which the splendid sum of \$35.00, was raised. Of this amount \$15.00 has been donated to the Band Funds, and a large sum to the Corps. The Sale was opened by Adjutant Reader. Much credit is due to Secretary Mrs. Mossom, and her hard-working associates, for the splendid results achieved.

The Demonstration given by the Home League was presided over by Mrs. Staff-Captain Merritt. Dialogues, instrumental and vocal solos, items by the Band, and other interesting features of the program. Everyone made a creditable appearance, and Mrs. Merritt congratulated the members of the League on their success and ability.

May the Home League prosper in the future, and carry on its good work for God and humanity. —G.E.T.

## NORTH VANCOUVER

Ensign Barker and Lieut. Miller—Our weekend Meetings were conducted by Brother and Sister Houghton, assisted by the Corps Cadets. In the Holiness Meeting, Brother Houghton, for her subject the words "Follow thou Me," and gave a very interesting and helpful talk. C.C. Johnson soloed beautifully, "Jesus bear the Cross alone." In the Salvation Meeting the young people again took an active part. C.C. Parry invited the opening exercises, C.C. Johnson reading the Scripture portion, and the three of them, C.C.s. Parry, Johnson and Johnson rendering a vocal trio "I belong to the King." Brother Houghton gave a convincing address. We are pleased to report that our Senior and Y.P. attendances are increasing, and also that the Soldiers have an attack of "War Cry" fever.—C.C. Bill.

## MELFORT

Adj. and Mrs. Johnstone—Under our Officers the Melfort Comrades are striving to bring about the downfall of the enemy's line in this part of the world.

Bro. Carter, one of the Comrades, of the Corps, requests that prayer be made for his sick mother in the Old Land and who has suffered greatly. Our Comrade belongs to a family of Salvationists which include several Officers now on active service.—Ensign Mephram.

## NANAIMO

Captain and Mrs. Coleman—These last few weeks God has been blessing Himself in a wonderful way. Sinners are getting saved, and the saved are being sanctified. The last weekend in the Holiness Meeting, they were assisted by Ensign and Mrs. McGill, and their presence was a great blessing to us. The voice of the Lord was heard by many Comrades, and five came and were saved. We were all very glad to be testified to victory. It being Corps Cadet Sunday the young people were well to the front. C.C. McSoleart singing "We are a Corps Cadet," and C.C. Fred Higgins "The benefits of Corps Cadetship."

Our Band is progressing under the leadership of Ensign Taylor, and with the Bandmaster's desire is to extend the Kingdom of God by music. We have recently said farewell to Bandsman H. Hancock and family, who have left us for Seattle. May God bless them abundantly.—R.R.

## SHERBROOKE ST.

Adjutant and Mrs. McCaughy—The Meetings on Corps Cadet Sunday were led by our own Brigade of Corps Cadets, under the capable leadership of Captain Woods. The Spirit of God was manifested throughout the day, and the Campaign resulted in one girl at the Mercy-Seat, at the conclusion of a heart-rending address delivered by the Captain in the Salvation Meeting.

The following weekend the Meetings were conducted by our Divisional Commander, and Mrs. Staff-Captain Steele, and were a means of rich blessing to all. In the Holiness Meeting, we felt that God was indeed with us, and that with such a good band of workers in the Holiness Meeting on Sunday morning the address was delivered by the Staff-Captain, and all present were undoubtedly blessed by the words. In the afternoon the Band was at the General Hospital, dispensing sweet music to those less fortunate than the members of the community. This is a monthly event much appreciated by the patients of this Institution.

The Salvation Meeting was led by Mrs. Staff-Captain Steele, and a beautiful spirit of reverence was shown from the beginning. An interesting happening was the enrolment as Senior Soldiers of three young transfers from the Junior Roll, this ceremony being conducted by Mrs. Steele. As the young people beheld these young soldiers grasping the Flag, and singing with all the soldiers present, "I'll be true, Lord, to Thee," a bright light shined in the hearts of the young people. Divisional Leader and his wife, Ensign Houghton, who soloed excellently. "He died of a broken heart for the love of his people." A beautiful and a very convincing address, his subject being "The Man of Sorrows," and in the ensuing Prayer-Meeting many of the hearts of the soldiers were so touched that we have been praying long and earnestly. One young lad came voluntarily to the Penitent-Forn. There were a number of strangers in the gathering, and one who heard the messages delivered so faithfully could not help but be blessed. We thank God for the Staff-Captain and his good wife.—A. E. May.

## Mary Jones and her Bible

NEARLY one hundred and thirty years ago—in the year 1800 to be exact—in a little valley in the North of Wales, just under the shadow of the mountain Cader Idris, there lived a little girl, Mary Jones, who had long loved the Word of God, but who had no other chance of reading it than by going to the house of a relative two miles from her home.

For years she had been saving all her pence, and now in 1800 she travelled from her village home at Llanfihangel to the town of Bala—twenty-eight miles over the mountains—to buy herself a Bible.

Alas, she had come too late: every copy of the book had been disposed of. The pious minister to whom she had come, Rev. Thomas Charles, had had only a few in his possession, and now they were all gone.

Deeply moved by the girl's tears and the simple piety of her story, Mr. Charles gave her a copy which had been laid aside for one of his friends, and Mary Jones retraced her long journey, happy in the fulfilment of her heart's desire.

Two years later this man of God was in London, and told the above story; he urged that something might be done to provide the poor of Wales with Bibles in their own language; an eloquent appeal it was.

Amid the hum of conversation which followed his address, another voice was heard, that of the Rev. Joseph Hughes, a Baptist Minister of Battersea. "If for Wales, why not for the Kingdom? Why not for the world?" And then began the wondrous British and Foreign Bible Society. The identical Bible which was given to Mary Jones by Mr. Charles is now preserved in the Bible House in London.

## The Cost of the Bible

AT ONE of the annual meetings of the Bible Society in London, Dr. J. D. Jones, of Bournemouth, recalled how, when he was a lad in Wales, the Bible to which he was accustomed bore stamped upon its cover the words: "Sold under cost price—10d." Do not many of us also remember such books?

But Dr. Jones said, "What I have to say is that no matter what you pay for your Bible, you get it under cost price every time. Our Bible was bought for ten pence (20c), I think of the English Bible. I of that old story of David and the water from the well at Bethlehem. You remember how, in a fit of home-sickness, David, without giving it a second thought, perhaps, expressed the wish that he might have a drink of that old familiar water, and three of his mighty men heard it and resolved that he should have his wish; so, taking their lives in their hands, they broke through the ranks of the Philistines, filled a vessel with water and brought it to David. But when he received it, it had ceased to be common water for him. 'Is not this,' he said, 'the blood of men who went in jeopardy of their lives?'"

"When a man brings me this English Bible bought for a few coppers, I see it stained with tears and written, not in common print, but in the life-blood of some of England's noblest and best. No money you can ever pay will pay for that English Bible. Some of our best and noblest paid a great price to get it for us, and it is up to us to see that we put a proper value upon it."

## The Book

About a week before the death of Sir Walter Scott he said to his son-in-law, Lockhart, "Read to me from the Book." And when asked from what book, he said, "Need you ask? There is but one."

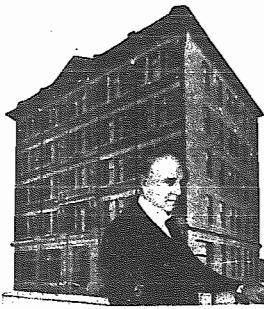
## The Bible the Book of God

By Rev. E. Salter, Organizing Secretary, Bible Society, Winnipeg

(Special to "The War Cry")

The Bible is the Book of God. It is the only piece of literature we possess which makes this claim. It alone gives the authoritative account of man's origin and his destiny. It is the only guide to peace through the Redeemer. Its stories charm children its romances allure the young, its precepts instruct the ignorant, its warnings check the sinful, its promises cheer the pilgrim, it alone has hope for poor lost and discouraged humanity. It fits all classes, is suited to all nationalities and its message is peculiar to no one age above another.

This Book is the gift of God to all who seek to know His will, and through them to all mankind. Its business is to reveal God's Son Who is man's Saviour. God has appointed two ways to accomplish this end. The first is through the human voice whereby redeemed souls pass on their testimony to others. The other way is through



the translation, publication and distribution of "The Holy Scriptures, which are able to make . . . wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus."

And since this "Scripture is given by inspiration of God and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction in righteousness, that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works," therefore it is the business of every one who has "Tasted the good word of God" to both testify to his experience and to spread the printed page till "The earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord as the waters cover the sea."

To one Society this task of translation, publication and distribution has been entrusted by all branches of organized Christianity and The British and Foreign Bible Society seeks the co-operation of all who will assist to increase the present number of translations from 593 to over 1000 as soon as possible.

## The Bible in Canada

It is one of the glad boasts of The Army—and we boast in God—that year by year we add to the already long list of languages in which our songs are sung and our messages uttered. Steadily we march along, here gaining some ground from the Kingdom of the Evil One; there storming some fortress of superstition. It can truly be said of our efforts that "the poor have the Gospel preached unto them." And we would be the first to render thanks and tribute to the splendid assistance we have received in these triumphs from the wonderful British and Foreign Bible Society. Ever ready to aid us in Bible distribution and sales; scarcely ever failing to provide our brave Officers with the Word of God in the language of the people among whom we labor.

And the Canadian Bible Society does not in any way lag behind. When the Bible Society was founded men were living who might have talked with the first explorers recorded to have seen the Rocky Mountains; and men still living can remember when Winnipeg (now a city of more than 230,000 people) contained no more than 210 souls. The vast prairies, now a granary, were then the home of great herds of buffalo. Since 1804 the population of Canada has grown from 150,000 to over 9,000,000. The Bible Society's first enterprise outside Europe was to provide a Gospel for an American-Indian tribe; in its earliest years it began to send out the Scriptures to the hardy pioneers of Nova Scotia. It has grown with Canada. Twenty-

three years ago all its Canadian auxiliaries were consolidated into the Canadian Bible Society, which has carried on the work within the Dominion and by its generous contributions shares in the glorious mission. Colporteurs and Biblewomen bear the Gospel to remote homesteads and to settlements of Scandinavians, Russians, Ruthenians and Germans. In the Prairie Provinces they distributed in one year 38,000 copies of Scripture in thirty-three languages, including Arabic, Chinese, Syriac and Zulu. At Halifax, St. John (N.B.) and Quebec they gave a Gospel and a hand of welcome to every immigrant who arrives in search of a new home.

There are Salvation Army Soldiers amongst these valiant colporteurs, and many are the thrilling tales we have heard from some of them. Theirs is indeed the profession of the Sword and the Book.

And the thousands of immigrants whom The Army has brought to this country remember with pleasure and profit the beautifully bound copy of the Bible which was the gift of the General to them at the time of their great adventure. Tales are told of the spiritual destitution of some of the settlers scattered over these boundless lands of the Far West. To do all that is needed is beyond the power and scope of The Army or the Society, but to place a Bible in every home should surely be possible and our prayer and aim.

## The Salvationist Colporteur

A colporteur of The British and Foreign Bible Society who is a Salvationist recently had the following interesting experience in Southern Saskatchewan:

While selling Bibles in a country store, a man of rough looking appearance came in to make a purchase. The colporteur pondered in his mind whether he should ask him to buy a Bible. Just as the man was about to leave the store the colporteur said to him, "Would you like to buy a Bible to-day, sir?" The man showed

a little indifference at first, but was finally persuaded to look at the books. The colporteur, anxious to make a sale, started with a cheap one and showed the man one for 30c., also one for 45c. and 75c. and \$1.00. Then the man asked him if he had any more, whereupon the colporteur showed him some more expensive ones at \$2.50 and \$6.00 and \$8.00. To the utter amazement of the colporteur he was asked if he had any more.

The colporteur racked his brain and wondered what to show next. Then

## The Deliberations of Daniel Domore

and of Dorcas his Wife



Styremup Mansions, Suite A 1.

Dear Mr. Editor:

I want to thank you very heartily for the show you gave me (us) last week and to say that I trust much good will result therefrom. Dorcas, (my wife, you know) is quite uplifted over her name being so prominently displayed, but I would not like to repeat all she said about your sketch of myself. You might at least have waited until I could get my new uniform from the Trade. Brigadier Smith said he would have it here by Christmas, I've sent the cash for it.

Dorcas said: "Now I hope you can see yourself; that's just the way you sprawl all over the table when you have any writing to do."

I said: "That's what I call giving myself entirely to my job."

"Well," said she, "get over there and leave me a little room. I'm in this thing too."

Mr. Editor, we've been very busy this week with our Christmas "Crys" and if they are going elsewhere as they are in our Corps—it's just the goods.

Dorcas tells me that the Corps Cadets at Ft. Rouge have undertaken to sell at least 500 of the Corps order. I reply that Humboldt (Captain John Reeves and Lieut. Robert Ennis) have increased their order 450, extra.

She says, "Mind you tell them about Captain and Mrs. Hind of Coleman, who are selling over a hundred copies a day."

Of course, I meekly obey, but I chipped in "Yes, and I'll tell them about the hundred extra copies that we are to send to Cordova (Captain Stahl and Lieut. McEachern)," and so we go on in a proper "ding dong" manner.

As for the regular "War Cry"—we are both ordering mourning arm bands, for would you believe it, Captain King, of Fort William has reduced his order 25 copies per week—temporary, he says:

"Ah, well," says Dorcas, "that means one less Christmas card for us to send."

I would not be the one to end on this sad note, but there it is, isn't it. Wait until the New Year, and then we'll all go in for a big Boom boom.

My correspondent at Vancouver II says that the Comrades have the "War Cry" booming fever, but hopes they'll soon get over it. Now, I hope they don't. I would like the epidemic to spread, especially in the direction of Hastings Street East. Eh!

This is all for the present, esteemed Comrade Editor.

Yours in the War,

Daniel Domore, Envoy.

P.S.—I am still waiting for those voucher forms.

he remembered that he had a big pulpit Bible with him that had been ordered by a minister in a neighboring town. He brought this out and showed it to the man. "How much?" asked the prospective purchaser. "\$12.50." Said the colporteur, wondering if this would suit. The customer laid the money down and took the pulpit Bible home.—Corps-Cadet J. Kimber, Swift Current, Sask.

# THE WAR CRY

Official Organ of The Salvation Army in  
Canada West and Alaska

Founder ..... William Booth  
General ..... Brewin Booth  
International Headquarters  
London, England

Territorial Commander,  
Lieut.-Commissioner Chas. Rich,  
317-319 Carlton St.,  
Winnipeg, Manitoba.

All Editorial communications should be ad-  
dressed to The Editor.

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## Official Gazette

(By Authority of the General)

### APPOINTMENTS—

Pro-Captain Mildred Reed from Selkirk  
to Fort Rouge.

Pro-Lieutenant Catherine Laurie, from  
Rainy River to Fort Rouge.

Pro-Lieutenant Florence Henderson  
from Selkirk to Rainy River.

Pro-Lieutenant Ernest Wright from  
Subscribers' Dept. to Red Deer.

CHAS. T. RICH,  
Lt.-Commissioner.

### The Chief of the Staff

BY the time this issue reaches the  
majority of our readers, the  
Winnipeg events in the program of  
the Chief's visit will (D.V.) be things  
of the past; and we shall be full of  
expectancy in regard to the Vancouver  
Meetings.

Certainly we are looking forward  
to the coming of the Chief of the  
Staff and Mrs. Higgins as an event  
of more than usual significance; not  
only because of the Meetings (private  
and public) which are so eagerly  
anticipated, but because of the  
"William Booth Memorial" Garrison  
opening and dedication will always  
be in our minds as an event of their  
visit.

What a joy to our faith it will be,  
and what a Shrine of Consecration  
it will become. Old Fountain Street  
has made its own place in our Army  
history, but now the Portage Avenue  
Garrison becomes the stepping stone  
of sanctified ambition—but about this  
more anon.

The fact that the Chief is so soon to  
be in our midst adds piquancy to the  
report which appears in the latest British  
"War Cry" of his great campaign in  
Glasgow when forty-four seekers were  
received at the Mercy-Seat.

As we write Winnipeg Officers and  
Soldiers wait to give their loyal wel-  
come to our Leaders, and as you read  
(may be) that welcome has expressed  
itself and we now wait for news from  
the Coast of the great and affectionate  
reception there. Here's cheers for the  
Chief and Mrs. Higgins. Now then!

## Coming Events

BRIGADIER B. TAYLOR  
(Field Secretary)

Lethbridge ..... Sunday, Dec. 18

### LEAGUE OF MERCY

Mrs. Commissioner Rich with  
League of Mercy members—Grace  
Hospital, Thursday, December 29th.

Brigadier Taylor, with St. James  
Band—Deer Lodge Hospital, January  
5th.

Adjutant Davies, with Garrison  
Singing Party—King Edward Hos-  
pital, January 20th.

Be sure to get a copy of the  
Christmas "Young Soldier." It's  
great! Something for all the mem-  
bers of the family.

# Using the Whole Bible

We take up God's Book that we may know what  
He would have us do today—The General



DESPITE misconceptions, and, indeed  
many assertions to the contrary—  
now happily largely lived down—The  
Salvation Army has ever founded its  
teaching upon, and encouraged the  
regular reading of, the Bible—the whole  
Bible. The publication, nearly forty years  
ago, of that widely-circulated little book  
of daily readings, "The Soldiers' Guide,"  
brought forth in some quarters both  
criticism and complaint because it did not  
contain the whole of the printed word.  
One great religious journal went the  
length of attacking it in a leading article  
under the heading, "A Mutilated Bible,"  
and yet the preface to the book em-  
phasized the General's desire "to pro-  
mote the daily reading of all parts of the  
Bible, instead of that preference for the  
New Testament which we find more and  
more common where men hope to make  
the name of Jesus Christ a sort of shelter  
for unbelief and sin."

### Highly Appraised

It is not, however, merely in private  
life and in devotional reading that The  
Army enjoins the reading and study of  
the great Book of Books. We doubt  
whether any other body of people in the  
Christian Church has appraised it so  
highly as a weapon in fighting sin—"the  
sword of the Spirit.... the Word of  
God."

"We want more and more to exalt the  
Bible as the Great Guide and thought of  
life," the General says in his "Bible  
Battle-Axes." "Amidst the silly quib-  
blings of a would-be learned age; in spite  
of the grotesque absurdities of modern  
belief, and the widespread neglect of  
God and His wisdom which appear on  
every hand, we (The Salvation Army)  
believe in the Old Book. We wish only  
to understand what God wants to say to  
us through its words; and, in the strength  
of the Holy Ghost, to pass on to others  
the lessons He teaches us. We take  
up God's Book that we may know what  
He would have us do today."

How great and important a part the  
Bible plays in the ordinary and regular  
propaganda of The Army it would be  
difficult to estimate.

In thousands of homes where, until  
they were reached by The Army's influ-  
ence, the Bible was untaught, unknown,

and unpossessed, the Book now holds  
premier place, is daily read and pondered  
over—often in the attitude, always in  
the spirit of prayer—and best of all in its  
wondrous precepts exemplified in heart  
and life.

Almost opposite International Head-  
quarters stand the offices of the British  
and Foreign Bible Society, a world  
organization of which the Founder was,  
and the General is, a Vice-President.  
More than one of the Society's publica-  
tions contain stories showing the use  
Army Officers have made of the Bible in  
the prosecution of their work. Here  
are a couple:

A man who is now an agent of the  
Society, stumbled, half intoxicated and  
unconscious of where he was going, into  
an Army Meeting in an Italian city. He  
remembers only one thing of what he  
heard and saw. The hymns, the prayers,  
the address, left no impression upon his  
mind. But a verse from the Bible, read  
by the Army Officer, struck at his con-  
science. "Let us walk honestly as in the  
day, not in rioting and drunkenness, not  
in clambering and wantonness"—the  
verse passed that flooded St. Augustine's  
soul with light after hearing the voice  
say: "Take up and read." Now this  
man sells the Scriptures. At first he  
shrank from reappearing in the haunts  
of his unregenerate days. "But in this  
piazza," he then said to himself, "I  
must face the Devil and was not ashamed  
to be drunk and to blaspheme the  
hearing of men; I will not be less cour-  
ageous in the Lord's service."

### A Great Change

An Officer in India gave an Urdu New  
Testament to a Mohammedan land-  
owner, who read it with keen interest,  
and desired to become a Christian. But  
the hindrances seemed unsurmountable.  
They were such, indeed, that the Officer  
feeling unable to help him otherwise,  
urged him to practice the teaching of  
Christ. In the field one day, the Salva-  
tionist says, "I heard his farm servants  
talking to mine. His men were saying:  
"It is a lot easier to work for Christian  
masters." "But," replied my man, "your  
master is not a Christian." "Yes he is,"  
said his servants. "Since he has been  
reading the Book and the Miss Sahib gave  
him, he does just as she does. It is a great  
change. I can tell you." I discovered  
that the other Mohammedans were  
facetiously calling him "The Christian  
brother."

But it is not only in securing the Salva-  
tion of souls that The Army uses the  
Bible—as the following incident shows.

Many years ago, Colonel John Roberts  
relates, whilst visiting from house-to-  
house in Hastings, he conversed with a  
man who, whilst converted, found fault  
with him because of The Army's teaching  
of Holiness, which he described as "an  
Army hobby," for which there was no  
Scriptural ground. "Let us see what  
the Bible says about the subject," said  
the Colonel, and opening the Book his  
eyes fell on the words contained in the  
prayer of Christ in the Garden of Geth-  
semane. "Sanctify them through Thy  
word." "That's not there,"  
challenged his interrogator. "Anyway,  
I have never seen those words before,"  
and falling on his knees he prayed aloud.  
A few minutes later he rose to his feet,  
testifying, "God has sanctified me!"—  
and he lived in the enjoyment of the  
great experience until he died.

# THE GENERAL AND MRS. BOOTH

THE up to date news of the goings and  
comings of the General is full of  
interest—as usual. His wonderful visit  
to Berlin, with the tremendous concourses  
gathered to hear him, and the glorious  
Mercy-Seat scenes, are a veritable joy  
to all his loyal followers. With his in-  
creasing years our Comrades the world  
over vie in their affectionate response to  
his splendid leadership in the things of  
God.

An event of international significance  
was his reception by the President of the  
German Republic, Fd.-Marshal von Hin-  
denberg; significant as an indication of  
the place the General takes in the world  
of men and also as indicating the high  
place which The Army is making for  
itself in the Fatherland under the skilful  
leadership of Colonel Mary Booth and  
her staff of devoted Officers.

Following on Berlin came Brussels, and  
here again a triumph. Crowds and en-  
thusiasm almost beyond expectations, and  
mighty Mercy-Seat scenes. The General  
and The Army were honored by the re-  
ception of our grand Leader by King  
Albert—brave king of a brave people.  
"The Gentiles shall come to thy light,  
and kings to the brightness of thy rising";  
of these things we make our boast in God  
—praying that He will make us worthy  
of the responsibilities thus placed upon us.

The reports of Mrs. General Booth's  
Meetings in Britain are also full of  
Salvation incident and hallelujah glory.  
Her recent weekend at Wood Green was  
a time of outpouring from on high. May  
great and strength continue to be vouch-  
safed to our beloved Leaders.

## Tyndale the Reformer— Tyndall the Salvationist

An Interesting Historical Descent



It is an item of more than passing  
interest, and particularly so to Salva-  
tionists, to know that our esteemed  
Comrade, Major Joseph Tyndall,  
Finance Secretary at our Winnipeg  
Headquarters, is a direct descendant  
of the family of the famous martyr,  
William Tyndale, whose splendid story  
we tell elsewhere.

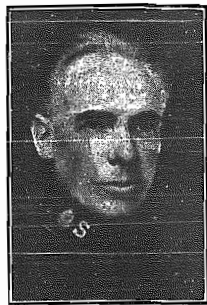
The great Reformer of course had  
no descendants; he was a priest to the  
time of his death, and therefore  
unmarried. His family, however, was  
located at the little town of Durs-  
ford in Gloucestershire, and it was  
from there that he afterwards re-  
moved to Cambridge, and thence to  
his great work—the translation of the  
Scriptures into English.

Our friend, the Major, has in his  
possession documentary evidence  
which proves the unbroken descent of  
his forbears from one Richard Tynd-  
ale, who lived 250 years after the  
Martyr's time; and local Old Country  
records go to prove that this identical  
Richard himself came of the same  
stock as did the man who made it  
possible for "even a plough-boy to  
read the Holy Scriptures." We are  
proud of our Tyndall's ancestry.

## Judged by the Books

And I saw the dead, small and great, stand  
before God; and the books were opened: and an-  
other book was opened, which is the book of life:  
and the dead were judged out of those things which  
were written in the books, according to their works.

Rev. xx. 12.



# The Commissioner in Southern Alberta

As we anticipated in our Editorial Note of last week the Commissioner's short tour in the Alberta Division has been a season of much encouragement and awakening; a stimulus to the believing and fighting spirit which is so thoroughly taking possession of those amongst us who desire to see the Kingdom of God extended. From more than one source we hear good tidings—

Lo! The promise of a shower  
Drops already from above;  
But the Lord will surely pour  
All the Spirit of His love.

## Medicine Hat—

The fire still burns. We are still rejoicing in the blessings which came to us as a result of the Commissioner's visit, and very sincerely trust that his coming again will not be long delayed.

## Lethbridge—Coleman—Macleod—

Our Leader's visit to each of these centres of army life and activity was a decided encouragement. The illustrated Lecture on the "Romance of The Army" was a panorama of world-wide operations, and we felt that we were "citizens of no mean" order as we listened. The pictures were an inspiration, but not more so than the eloquently burning words with which the Commissioner pointed their separate meaning.

## Calgary—

We were here for Friday night. A season of spiritual outpouring, and once more the Commissioner's message was one of timely encouragement and inspiration. Expect a blessed outbreak at Calgary.

## Drumheller—

We wish we could report as happily as it deserves all the events of the Commissioner's visit to this energetic city. Its name is blazed throughout Canada—

## Lt.-Commissioner Maxwell

A perusal of the Canada East "War Cry"—a treat in which many of our Western folk share—indicates that the energetic Commander of our sister Territory has a heavy list of important engagements ahead of him. The fact that Mrs. Maxwell's health now gives promise of improvement relieves the Commissioner of much anxiety, and we rejoice with him.

## Major Dr. Whittaker

Addresses Union of Manitoba Municipalities Convention in Winnipeg

An important gathering was in session in Winnipeg last week; the Mayors of cities and towns, with representative aldermen, and Reeves and councillors of rural districts were in convention. More than four hundred delegates from all parts of the Province of Manitoba were present.

On Thursday afternoon Major (Dr.) Whittaker addressed the meeting—by invitation; she had a rousing reception, the delegates giving every evidence of their continued and renewed interest in the work of The Army. Many who were present expressed themselves as being confident that additional confidence and support would follow.

The president of the Union, A. McFadyen, Esq., thanked the Major for her address, which he described as being one of the best of the series.

We understand that Major Oake was also present at several of the sessions, and was happy in renewing many old acquaintances.

The Bible is at once the Book of Seekers and the Book of Finders. Here is written for our instruction the story of man's search and discovery of God; of God's seeking and finding man.

West and East (if it gets its due). The Corps is not a bit behind the City in its energy and enthusiasm and Adj. Leader and Capt. McDowell were fully alive to the blessed possibilities thus offered.

This was fully evidenced by the hearty welcome which the Officers and Soldiers gave the party (Commissioner Rich, Staff-Capt. Merritt, and Adj. Mundy) on their arrival on Saturday night. First the tea—which was hospitable—and then the Commissioner's counsel and advice. The great Siege in the Old Land and our own victories over here were a splendid theme for heartening the Comrades; and were an incentive to the heartiness of the public Meeting which followed. This Meeting—so we were told afterwards—was the "essence of brightness and praise."

Sunday dawned, and Kneedrill was celebrated. Then a fine crowd of happy Soldiers in the Open-Air, "Big Boy" beating the drum. At one time he used to beat men in the ring, but now what a change! Bless God for such trophies of His grace!

## Family Gathering

A thoughtful and spiritually hungry crowd created the Territorial Commander in the Holiness Meeting. Many a Corps, so we remind ourselves, can boast of a larger roll, but few can boast of a heartier Salvationism. Consequently all were alive

to get some real help from the special treat of the morning. It was a real family gathering, and the Commissioner's counselling words fitted the needs of most, as was evidenced by the Comrades who stepped forward and definitely claimed the blessing.

The afternoon gathering took the form of a representative Meeting in the Napier Theatre, when the famous Lecture—"Winning in the West" drew a fine crowd. His Worship, Mayor McConkey, presided, supported by many influential citizens. Once more all were fired with soulful ambitions. The Mayor expressed his personal delight in what he had heard, and pledged a furtherance of his support; he also took advantage of the Commissioner's appeal to make it his own text for a similar word with the young folk of the audience. One special item of this Meeting was the harmonious way in which the Corps Band contributed to the program—but of this more further on.

## "Big Boy" Gives His Testimony

We wish you could have seen the Sunday evening Open-Air Meeting as we saw it. The streets of this mining town, already destined to make its certain place in the policy of our country, flooded with the strains of Salvation, and a large, though nondescript crowd, gathered to hear the message. "Big Boy" again told

his story, and the crowd clapped him as they recalled the days of his sinful life, and now witnessed the splendid change in him. The young people of our ranks also made an impression on us by their readiness to witness for Christ. Forty soldiers in the Open-Air was a tribute to the spiritual energy of the Corps.

At night the Napier Theatre was filled for the Salvation Meeting. Naturally a large percentage of those present were usually non-attendants at religious meetings, but they listened attentively to the message, although their surrender to the claims of God was not such a ready or easy accomplishment. However, the Officers and Soldiers fought on, until we gloried in seekers being registered. Faithful sowing of the Word always ensures a plentiful harvest, and our faith wavers not.

## An Enthusiastic Band

Thus ended the initial visit of Commissioner Rich to this famous and charming little city. A visit which will remain in our memories all the longer because of the eager enthusiasm of the Corps Band. Fifteen members only, it is true, but all alive to duty's call. The enterprising Bandmaster is well awake. One of the cornetists comes from Holland and intends to return to his Homeland for training as an Officer—(Why not Winnipeg?). The tenor-horn section is worthy of note—two young women. The sister of one of these Comrades is an Officer, the other Comrade is employed in a local bank. They are not the least tuncful of the combination.

Well, here's hats off to Drumheller, and to all Comrades there who ceaselessly fight for God under the old Army Flag. May we be there when the Commissioner makes his next visit, when it is fervently hoped by all local Comrades, he will have Mrs. Rich with him.—(T.M.)

## An Open Letter from Commissioner Rich

W. BRAMWELL BOOTH, GENERAL WILLIAM BOOTH, FOUNDER  
CHAS. T. RICH, LT.-COMMISSIONER

## The Salvation Army

Territorial Headquarters for Canada West

317-319 CARLTON STREET

Winnipeg, Canada



Dear Friend:

December 15th, 1927

## SHARE YOUR MERRY CHRISTMAS

For many years we have appealed to the people of Canada West to "Keep the Pot Boiling," for the Christmas Hampers which we place in the homes of the poor; and also to help us in our relief of needy cases during the winter months.

We beg that you will not pass by the "Pots," but treat them generously. In addition, however, to the nickels, dimes, quarters, or dollars thus given, we feel sure there are many who would wish to be even more generous, for no matter how much we have received in past years, it has never been quite enough.

It is just on the eve of Christmas; Heaven's gift to us was the Christ of Christmas. What shall ours be to the needy ones around us. Won't you help The Army to make it the best Christmas yet?

If you desire to make such a further gift, please send it along to us at the above address, and kindly mark it for the city or town in which you especially desire your gift to take effect.

Believe me,

Yours very sincerely,

Chas. T. Rich

Lt.-Commissioner.

## Mrs. Commissioner Rich and Mrs. Colonel Miller at Winnipeg Citadel

Mrs. Rich, and Mrs. Colonel Miller, (Territorial Home League Secretary) were busy on Tuesday last in connection with the highly successful Sale of Work arranged by the Winnipeg Citadel Home League.

Always an event of interest, this year's Sale was in no way inferior to its many predecessors. The indefatigable members of the Citadel League planned for a good show, and their expectations were well realised. The industrious Secretary, Mrs. Donnelly, is to be congratulated, as indeed are all who contributed to the happiness of the event.

As we go to press we hear of a Salvation finale to the day's proceedings, in which one may be sure Adjutant and Mrs. Acton must heartily join.

## Colonel Coombs

News concerning the Colonel is not so comforting as when we made our last announcement. Just as we go to press the Commissioner has received word of a very disturbing nature; the doctors state that the patient is very low indeed. Even now we must not relax our faith or our prayers; these will certainly be reinforced by the Dominion-wide affection for dear Mrs. Coombs and the other members of the family now gathered at the Colonel's bed-side.

The right to copyright the Authorized Version of the Bible is vested in His Majesty's Printers and the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge.



# THROUGH THE CENTURIES

## THE MAKING OF THE BOOK

*"Blessed is he that readeth and they that hear the words."*

was presented to King Charles I of England, and is now preserved in the British Museum in London. Needless to say these are priceless in their value and guarded with the greatest care.

The original New Testament was written in Greek, and there are nearly 3,000 ancient manuscripts of the whole or different parts of the New Testament written in this language, but none of them is older than those referred to above. The work of comparing such early manuscripts and correcting the text and revising the translation has gone on from early days.

When the Temple at Jerusalem was burned in A.D. 70, much of the sacred literature of the Jews was lost; but a school of Rabbis was formed at Tiberias to restore it.

Throughout the ages constant attacks have been made on the Bible. Determined efforts have repeatedly been made to destroy every copy; the Emperor Diocletian—about A.D. 300—thought he had been successful in this, and caused a medal to be struck to commemorate the event. But the Bible lived on.

Alexandria in Egypt early became a centre for the study of the Christian writings. All through the Middle Ages earnest men busied themselves with the task of copying and so preserving the Sacred Text. With the publication of the first printed copy, in Greek, in 1516, it can be said that the modern study of the Bible began.

It takes some imagination to grasp the fact that the Bible now circulates in nearly 600 languages; but if our vision were keen enough we should see many of these versions written in the blood of their translators.

For instance, think of the old Bishop in China, engaged in translating the Sacred Book into one of the forms of Chinese. He had been stricken with paralysis, and could no longer hold a pen, so he secured a typewriter. One by one, his fingers refused to act, until only the middle finger on each hand responded; but lying on his couch he goes patiently on—tap, tap, tap, and every tap a pain. But another jewel is added to the Bible treasury.

Salvation Army Officers stationed in missionary lands can tell stories of many ludicrous mistakes in their first attempts to speak the local language in public. We remember hearing a story of Commissioner Cadman using as an illustration the old English idea of "Climbing the greasy pole." The translating Officer had never heard of that sport, and at length, prompted by the Commissioner's urgent repetitions, he interpreted the saying as "climbing a candle"! In those lands where snow is unknown, we are told that the familiar Army chorus, "Whiter than the snow," must be ren-

dered, "Whiter than the milk of the coconut"; as white a figure as can be imagined in those climes.

But when one remembers that it is not the spoken word—passing away almost as soon as uttered—with which Bible students and translators are concerned, but that which is to be, so to speak, the guide to Salvation for their readers, then the situation is no longer ludicrous; it is of eternal importance.

We think with some pride—comradely pride—of The Army Officer away in the hill fastnesses of the Himalayas, amongst the people of Chini, who had no word of the written gospel in their possession. Day after day, night after night, taking a few moments here and a few moments there, rendering the Gospel of John into the language of that nation, and so adding another language to the long list of Bible exploits, and giving the Word of Life to the common people over again.

There is infinite variety in human speech. We see an example of this if we take a verse of the Bible in any language and render it word for word into English. If we do this with Mark 11:30, in Vella Lavella—one of those remote languages in which the Bible Society specialises—we get this curious result: "For man he does God-of will, he this-me-of brother, and me-of sister and mother." And yet the words convey the correct sense to the mind of the reader.

It is quite a mistake to imagine that illiterate folk use few words. In many directions their vocabularies are far richer than our own. They name every kind of grass and tree and animal—they may have many names for the varieties of cloud and rain. The Lapps have twenty words for "ice," eleven for "cold," forty-one for "snow," twenty-six for "freeze" and "thaw"—and we are not surprised!

The Lengua language which is spoken by an Indian tribe in South America is so awkward that the word "eighteen" can only be represented thus, "Sohog-emek-vakthla-mok-eminik-anthanthlama." Literally this means, "Finished my hands, pass to my other foot—three," for fingers and toes are what serve as units. The word for butter in the same language is "Waktaynanankuinginikipthmuk," which means "the grease of the juice of the udder of the cow."

The only way to make "far be it from me to do this thing" understood in New Guinea is to say, "May I speak to my mother-in-law before I will do this thing," for in that country one of the unpardonable sins is for a man to open his lips to his wife's mother.

We have read of one such translator who reduced the Idoma language into

written form, and translated into that tongue the Gospel of Mark.

One day, while studying with his African assistant, he used the phrase, "Ntene nte ela," intending it as the equivalent of "I want to say." This was too much for the polite African's gravity; he burst into laughter. "Sir," he said, "I beg pardon, but do you know what you said? You said, I want to crow as a cock."

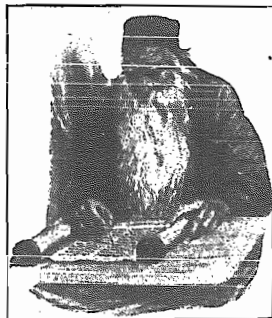
The same man tells of the difficulty he experienced in regard to the word "to save."

It was hard to satisfy himself as to the exact equivalent in Idoma. Then one day a serious accident befell a schoolboy, and the boy's brother came running to him and crying, "Nyo ta! Nyo ta!" The long-sought word at last. He was saying: "Save him! Save him!"

Finally, it is an interesting fact, and not without its significance, for Salvation Army Officers and Soldiers of Western Canada, that the Bible is distributed throughout the Prairie Provinces alone in thirty-three languages. Multiply this again and again, and one begins to visualise some of the majesty of the verse which says:

Let every kindred, every tribe,  
All nations—great and small—  
To him all majesty ascribe,  
And crown Him Lord of All.

### A HEBREW SCHOLAR READING FROM A SCROLL



Seated with a scroll before him, this venerable man is studying in the original Hebrew, the faith of his fathers as recorded in the Old Testament. The scroll is unrolled with one hand as he follows it page by page, and rolled up with the other.

### Some Curious Facts about the Bible

These curious facts about the Bible were ascertained it is stated, by a convict sentenced to a long term of solitary imprisonment:

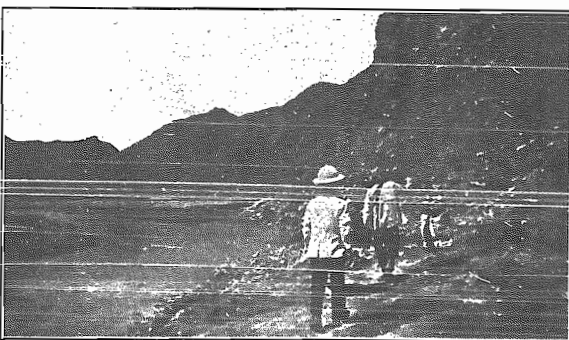
The Bible contains 3,586,489 letters; 773,692 words; 31,173 verses; 1,189 chapters and 66 books. The word "and" occurs 46,277 times. The word "Lord" occurs 1,855 times. The word "reverend" occurs but once, which is in the 9th verse of the 111th Psalm.

The middle verse of the Bible is the 8th verse of the 118th Psalm. The 21st verse of the 7th chapter of Ezra contains all the letters of the alphabet except the letter J.

The finest chapter to read is the 26th of the Acts of the Apostles. The 19th chapter of Second Kings and the 37th chapter of Isaiah are alike.

The longest verse is the 9th of the 8th chapter of Esther. The shortest verse is

(Continued on column 4)



THE BIBLE IN CHINA

Thousands of portions of the Scriptures are distributed annually by The Army in China. The picture shows a couple of Salvationists on trek to neighboring villages with a load of Gospels.

the 35th of the 11th of the Gospel of John. The 8th, 15th, 21st and the 31st verses of Psalm 107 are alike. Each verse of Psalm 136 ends alike. There are no words or names of more than six syllables to be found in the Bible.

### The Chapters of the Bible

The division of the Bible into chapters and verses was not made by the original writers, but was the work of Robert Stephens, a pious printer, who lived about the year 1551; he thought that more people would read the Bible if he made it easier to read. Several earlier attempts had been made, but all of them unsatisfactory.

The divisions of Mr. Stephens are far from perfect and, indeed, the story goes that he made them while riding his horse to and fro between his house and his printing office, and that occasionally the horse stumbled, and the pencil slipped. There are some glaring mistakes which seem to lend color to this tale, but he did remarkable work on the whole, and his general scheme will probably never be discarded.



# Our BANDSMEN AND SONGSTERS



## When the British Army entered Jerusalem

A story of the Bible Society—A Salvation  
Army Bandman—and a Bible

### "We'll Stick to the Old Book"

THAT is a great story that we have read about Dr. Joseph Parker; it is just the sort of thing which one would associate with his memory. We pass it on in the certainty that the Doctor's conclusion must ever be our own.

#### We'll put away the Bible

"I have been found fault with," said the Doctor from his pulpit one day, "for not treating questions, scientifically. People say, 'You are always quoting the Bible; why don't you appeal to Science and tell us what it has to say about things?' Well, I am going to appeal to Science this morning. There is a poor widow here who has lost her only son, and she wishes to know if she will ever see him again. And I am going to ask Science for an answer to her question. So we will put away the Bible." (Here the Doctor lifted the Bible off the pulpit desk and put it on the seat behind him.)



#### What does Science say

"Will this poor woman ever see her son again? That is the question Science is to answer. What has become of him? Where is he? Does death end all? What does Science say to these questions?" (Here followed a long pause.) "We are treating this question, you see, scientifically. We have put away the Bible, and we want to know what light Science throws on this poor woman's difficulty. What has become of her boy?" (Another long pause.) "The time is getting on, and she is waiting for an answer. Surely she is entitled to one? A most practical question; and if Science can throw real light on anything, surely it must have something to say in a case like this. Science, will this poor woman ever see her son again?" (Another long pause.) "Science, we are waiting. We have put away the Bible, and we wish to treat this question in a purely scientific way. Will this poor woman ever see her son again? The poor woman's heart is likely to break, and she is waiting for an answer. What answer does Science give? What! Has Science nothing to say? Nothing to say to the most practical of all questions?"

#### Wherefore comfort one another

"Then we must just go back to the Old Book after all!" (Here Doctor Parker turned round, lifted the Bible off the seat, and replaced it, with great deliberation, then opened it and read.) "I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me. . . The dead men shall live; together with my dead body shall they arise. . . For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal shall put on immortality. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? . . . And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God. . . And so shall we ever be with the Lord. Wherefore comfort one another with these words." Then, closing the Bible, and patting it affectionately, Dr. Parker ended by saying: "No, we'll stick to the Old Book; we'll stick to the Old Book."

I AM afraid I cannot tell the tale as he told it to me, but I will do the best I can; I ought to have set it down at the time, and am sorry now that I did not do so. We were spending a week-end together in a charming village in the Old Country—in the Wessex uplands. Well

do I remember that, and the leafy lanes through which we walked and talked on our way to the open-air Meetings of the Corps. He seemed to have no idea that the tale was one in which thousands would willingly have joined, and thousands more be interested. One might almost call it an epic of the Great War, and yet it was told with all the happy insouciance of an Army bandman.

There is much in his story that I must put aside for another day; I am not so sure that my friend would be altogether pleased that I should recall those other incidents, for some of them—in the beginning—do not read pleasantly for those who were afterwards numbered amongst his best war chums.

Yes, it is a story of the War; also a tale of the Holy Land, and of those great days when the Crescent of the Turks ceased to fly over the City of our Lord—Jerusalem.

#### Your King and Country need You

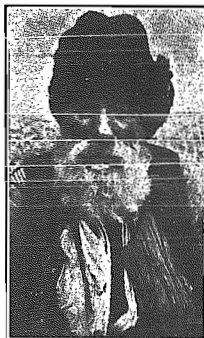
Frank Norris—that is not his real name, but it will serve—was an Army bandman, with widowed mother, and just on the eve of a long deferred marriage—since most happily consummated; he answered the call of "King and Country." He saw many sights; endured not a few agonies; faced many a fierce temptation during those days of his soldiery, and overcame by the word of his testimony. But, as I say, all that is another story.

The Egyptian Expeditionary Force was operating in Palestine; Allenby was on his victorious march to the Holy Place; eager eyes throughout the Empire were watching; and Norris scouted ahead. I did not know his whereabouts; "E.E.F."

was all I could gather. Just a handful of daring spirits were under his leadership. Not as fighting men, with all the heat and ardour and triumph of the march; but scouting ahead—spying, if you like.

Attired so that the habitants of the countryside should have no idea of their duties; with a smattering of the local dialect helping them along; day by day they spied ahead to report that all was safe for the main army.

Now, in ordinary London City life, Norris was a trusted and enthusiastic employee of the British and Foreign Bible Society; and, you must not forget this, he was a Salvation Army Bandman—played solo euphonium, he did. Remember all this, won't you, for that is my delight in the story.



General Allenby was closing in on Jerusalem. It was said that the Turkish Army had fled; that they had evacuated the city. In the morning the British Army was to pass the walls—the Cross was to triumph over the Crescent. The gates stood mysteriously open, and Norris and his men scouted ahead, fearing treachery. The streets seemed deserted. Norris going carefully ahead—note that.

Suddenly, as these nondescript looking men picked their way through the might be treacherous lanes, a weird figure hove in sight. Was he an Arab; a Turk; what

was he? Filthy and uninviting in appearance; his turban of rags and his garments of tears and tatters presented a disturbing figure to the excited imagination of the half-dozen British scouts. Under his arm, partly hidden by the folds of his ragged garments, he carried a bundle. What was it? A bomb?

Called to a sudden halt, the stranger disclosed himself, if you please, as an American-Irishman, whose trading store had been looted in the first days of the war, but whose assumed lunacy had been his own personal, physical security.

"Let's have a look at the bundle," said Norris; not a little at ease in dropping his jargonic Arabic.

"No," said Jonathan Patrick, "I'm only going to hand this over to the Bible Society."

"Bible Society! Bible Society!" rejoined Norris,—"the 'B. and F. Army'—man! What do you mean?"

Said the stranger (I wish I could reproduce the chuckle with which Norris told me this): "My store was next door to the Bible Depot, and I was great pals with the Agent; he had to leave the city when war was declared, but I promised I would look after his books."

#### "I've kept the book!"

"I tried all I could to save them, but when the Turks looted my store, they did the same for the Depot, and I only managed to save this book. They've let me alone because they think I'm crazy, and"—and this a little proudly—"because I'm an American citizen. But—I've kept the book."

By this time the book had been uncovered of its filthy wrappings, and Norris could see the Bible—one of those probably which he had helped to dispatch in his old days in the Bible House in Queen Victoria Street, London.

"Hand it over," said he, "I'm the Bible Society," and then to the amazement of his captive he gave full evidence of the truth of his statement.

And that's how the first British soldier entered Jerusalem, and that's how the first trophy taken in that surrender was a Bible; and that's how our Army went into the Holy City.

And should you get the chance one of these days—say next International Congress—go to the Bible House, it isn't more than a few steps from I.L.H.Q., and see that identical Bible for yourself; and then ask for Frank Norris—they'll know who you mean, and he will confirm what I have said. Only don't go on a Sunday, for on that day he will be busy with the Juniors—they've promoted him to Y.P. S.M.—at his old Corps down by the Wandsworth.—"J"

### What the Band did

Placing a revolver into the hands of the Officer who was speaking with him at the Penitent-Form, a man said: "Tonight I was going to murder my wife and then take my own life, but the playing of your Band attracted me to the Meeting, and here I am. Will God forgive me?"

For some time longer he knelt silently praying, and then, jumping to his feet shouted, "Hallelujah! 'Tis done! God has saved me!"

Rushing from the building he disappeared before any one could stop him. Half an hour later he returned leading his weeping wife by the hand, and together they knelt at the Mercy-Seat.

Husband and wife had been separated for six months, owing to the man's drinking habits. He had travelled a hundred miles "to settle accounts" as he called it, and was on his way from the railway station to his wife's house when the Band arrested his attention.

### My Bible and I

Tune: "Ask the Saviour to help you," or "Yield not to temptation."

WE'VE travelled together,  
My Bible and I,  
Through all kinds of weather,  
With smile or with sigh.  
In sorrow or sunshine,  
In tempest or calm,  
Is friendship unchanging,  
My lamp and my psalm.

We've travelled together,  
My Bible and I,  
When life had grown weary,  
And death 'e'en was nigh.  
But all through the darkness  
Of mist or of wrong,  
I've found it a solace,  
A prayer and a song.

Chorus: What a wonderful treasure,  
Gift of God without measure;  
We will travel together—  
My Bible and I.

So now who shall part us,  
My Bible and I?  
Shall smiles and schisms,  
Or "new lights" who try?  
Shall shadows, for substance,  
Or stone for good bread,  
Supplant its sound wisdom,  
Give folly instead?

Ah, no! My dear Bible,  
Exponent of light;  
Thou Sword of the Spirit,  
Put error to flight!  
And still through life's journey,  
Until my last sigh,  
We'll travel together,  
My Bible and I!

WANTED—Anglo-German Concerthaus, Jeffries preferred. A-flat pitch. Write S. W., c/o The Editor, 317 Carlton St., Winnipeg.



## Salvationist Colporteur tells experiences at Swift Current

On a recent Thursday night we had with us Sergeant Bowley from Regina II Corps. The Sergeant is a colporteur from the British and Foreign Bible Society in Southern Saskatchewan. After a lively Open-Air we searched the Hall where a profitable time was spent. The Sergeant told of his experiences both humorous and otherwise. He also spoke of the Meetings that have the privilege of conducting in the country schoolhouses for the children. He teaches the scholars Army choruses, and the children join heartily in the singing of them. Our Comrades also goes from farm to farm selling Bibles and visiting the sick. The Sergeant concluded his address with one of his well known readings.—J.K.

## EDSON

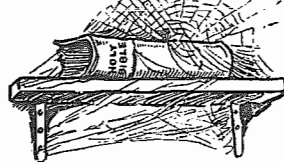
Captain B. Leasher and Lieut. J. Anderson. We are glad to report victory in the battle of Sunday night, November 13th. There were three souls found kneeling at the Cross as the result of the Lieutenant's message when he said farewell to the Comrades in the evening. We pray that God will continue to use him in the great battle against sin and unrighteousness and may his efforts be crowned with success. There was a record attendance in our Y.P. Meeting the number present being 35. As the children left the Hall one little girl came up to the Lieutenant's arms and with big tears rolling down her cheeks she said to him, "I'll give ten dollars if you won't go." We are all sorry to lose him.—Overcome.

## PORT ARTHUR

Captain and Mrs. Boyle. Sunday last was a good day. The Holiness Meeting was a time of blessing when the Spirit of God was very manifest. At night a splendid Open-Air was held. God blessed the message, and the Prayer-Meeting was a season of power. Several men trembled with conviction, and one fine young man came forward and sought forgiveness for his sins. Another young man made a confession that would mean considerable restitution on his part, and said he was willing to make this, and get right with God. Special measures are being adopted to get hold of the people, and visitation is occupying much of the time. The testimonies and each Corps Cadet Meetings are being started, and we are praying for an outpouring from God on the backsliders, and sinners.—Onlooker.

## NEW WESTMINSTER

Ensign and Mrs. Talbot. Corps Cadet Sunday was welcomed by the Young People of the Brigade in our Corps, and every member did well. In the afternoon Meeting Corps Cadet Pearl read a portion of Scripture, and sang a united song. A visiting Bandsman and his wife were present in this gathering, and were blessed with their testimonies. At night a Soldier from Estevan was with us, and his words helped us. Corps Cadet Mildred Taylor's time of Cottage Prayer-Meetings are being started, and we are praying for an outpouring from God on the backsliders, and sinners.—Warrior.



## The Neglected Bible

## MUSICAL FESTIVAL AT ROSSLAND

A united program by the Trail and Rossland Corps, held in the Velvet Hall, Rossland, attracted a good crowd, in spite of the unfavorable weather, and every item on the highly interesting program was given with a great success. Instrumental and vocal items, and recitations were contributed by a number of friends and Comrades. Ensigns of Trail, gave display of illuminated club-swinging. The Rossland Songster Brigade sang "Good old Army," and the Trail combination rendered "Coronation Day" in a lively fashion. Things at the home Corps are going well, under the leadership of Captain Wiseman and Lieut. Gray. Two young people have sought Christ recently, and are taking a bold stand. Both Y.P. and Senior Meetings are well attended, many faces being seen in our midst. On the last Monday in November a Young People's Tea, for those between the ages of fourteen and twenty-five, was held, this being the commencement of special Monday night Meetings for the young folk. Twenty-four sat down to supper, prepared by two young sister Comrades, and afterwards greatly enjoyed an impromptu program. A Prayer League is being formed, so that we may make a decided onslaught against the Devil.—C.C.

## Interesting Events at Fort Rouge

Captain and Mrs. Cormack. The visit to this Corps of Brigadier and Mrs. Carter, accompanied by Cadets Sankenik, Dale and Hillary, gave a decided impetus to the work of God. In the morning, following a moving address by Mrs. Carter, two sister Comrades re-consecrated themselves afresh to the Lord. At night the Hall was almost filled to capacity for a rousing Salvation Meeting which resulted in much inspiration to the Soldiers and friends. Plenty of hearty singing characterized this gathering, of which the Brigadier's heart-stirring address was the outstanding feature. At the close of the Prayer-Meeting the congregation remained for a farwell Meeting for Captain and Mrs. Cormack, who are taking up duties elsewhere. Treasurer Dann and C.C. Guardian Joy expressed the sentiments of the soldiery, telling of the blessing and inspiration derived from the farewelling Officers. A warm welcome awaits Captain Reed and Lieut. Laurie.

The previous Wednesday Lt. Colonel Dickerson conducted a real

A small boy was the first to yield to the appeal on Sunday at the Winnipeg Citadel. Shortly after he was followed by a man, whose wife came after him and they had just knelt down at the Mercy-Seat when their son followed. During the next chorus another small boy whose prayer at the Penitent-Form was, "I want to be good like Daddy." And so the river widens and widens.—J.R.W.

## KITSILAS

Field-Captain and Mrs. McKay—Recently we had a visit from Field-Captain and Mrs. Andrew Brown, of Massut, B.C. Our Comrades received a hearty welcome from a large crowd in our Citadel. We had a good Meeting. The next Sunday, in our Holiness Meeting, the Lord continued to pour down His blessings upon us, rewarding our faith and prayer. Two girls came back to the Fold. In the Free and Easy Meeting the Young People did well, being led by Field-Captain and Mrs. McKay. C.C. Seymour read the Lord's Prayer, and also a portion from the Sermon on the Mount. The Captain delivered the address, and at the close of the Meeting one young girl came to God. At night a real Salvation Meeting was conducted, and the invitation given to the sinners. One young man came to the Penitent-Form, and others found forgiveness, as did three backsliders. The Monday night Meeting was a red-hot time, when one young woman knelt at the Mercy-Seat, and had large crowds at every Meeting, and all our Soldiers are wearing uniforms. For this we give the glory to God.—C.C.

## ENROLMENT AT VIRDEN

Captain Houghton and Lieut. Parr—An interesting event attended by a good crowd was held in the Army Hall at Virden on Sunday evening last. The outstanding event was the swearing in, under the Flag, of four Soldiers from the Junior Roll. Each of these Comrades gave a brief, but sincere testimony, and we are confident that they will be strong and go forward in victory. Many a soldier and his family are in need of the joy of seeing one Comrade kneeling at the Altar for Holiness. In the Salvation Meeting we were greatly encouraged for the Lord blessed our efforts, and at the close of the Salvation Meeting one seeker came to the Mercy-Seat. We are looking forward to greater victories than ever this winter.—Phoenix.

## PORT SIMPSON

Field-Captain and Mrs. A. McKay—Splendid Meetings have taken place since the beginning of the Fall, when the work was reorganized after the summer season. On a recent Sunday morning Envoys Offit led us to victory. Brother M. Johnson giving the address. Many in the audience were under conviction, and we had the joy of seeing one Comrade kneeling at the Altar for Holiness. In the Salvation Meeting we were greatly encouraged for the Lord blessed our efforts, and at the close of the Salvation Meeting one seeker came to the Mercy-Seat. We are looking forward to greater victories than ever this winter.—C.C.

Hallelujah Wedding in the Corps Hall, the interested parties being Sister Mrs. Walker and Brother Geo. Gorst. Our Comrades were supported by Sister Mrs. Patterson and Brother Kairns respectively. Among those who wished them Godspeed in their new life were Brother Peacock, Guard - Leader Mundy, Mrs. Captain McKinley, and a number of others. Sister D. Joy soloed, "Jesus with me is united." Following an impressive rendering of the Marriage service, the members of the bridal party spoke, Brother and Sister Gorst both expressing their determination to live for God, and win souls for the Kingdom.

Brother Gorst has recently been welcomed into the Corps as a Soldier, but he has been a Salvationist for many years, and is a faithful worker for God. Sister Mrs. Gorst is the Y.P. Treasurer at Fort Rouge, and is always at her post being a real support to the Officers in the work of the Young People's Corps. We pray that God will continue to be with and bless both of our faithful comrades.—D.O.J.

REGINA CITADEL. Adjutant and Mrs. G. Mundy—Corps Cadet Sunday was a busy time for the Young People of Regina Citadel, when, under the leadership of C.C. Guardian Prince, the Brigade participated in the indoor Meeting, and the Open-Air gathering, this in addition to the Open-Air and Meeting on Saturday night. In the latter Meeting C.C. Gladys Waterhouse gave the address, this being very creditably done.

Following a very satisfactory turn-out of Comrades to the Open-Air Meeting, led by the Corps Cadet Guardian, the Cadets were well to the front in the Holiness Meeting, in which the address was delivered by Mrs. Adjutant Mundy. In the Free and Easy Meeting the Senior Band and the Senior Songster Brigade and Y.P. Singing Company rendered interesting items, and the Corps Cadets, under the leadership of each member of the Brigade taking a letter of the word Christ, and speaking on the same. The Citadel was well and brightly lit, and the whole of the Young People again acquitted themselves well. Adjutant Mundy convincingly set forth the claims of Christ and His Kingdom, and before the close of the Meeting we had the joy of seeing a seeker for Salvation, and also two backsliders kneeling at the Penitent-Form. We closed with a rousing wind-up.

This week's popular Thursday night Meeting was managed by the Songster Brigade and the Y.P. Singing Company, who presented a service of songs. Bandsman Waterhouse did the readings, contributing thus to the success of the representation.—W.G.W.

## CORDOVA

Captain M. Stahl and Lieut. E. McEachern—We are glad to report that we are enjoying God's favor in this far corner of the Territory. We have been blessed in seeing Salvationist Comrades taking a finer and bolder stand for Christ. Two have recently stepped out on the promise of God, and are proving His grace sufficient. Recently the Corps Officers have made trips to Valdez and Latouche, by boat; also into the interior via the railroad, to Chitina, McCarthy and Kennecott. None of these places have resident ministers and the people gladly receive and appreciate the opportunity of mingling together in worship. Spiritual conversation with many of these friends proved helpful and was a blessing to all. Remember Cordova when you pray.—W. & C.

## Vancouver III Notes

Ensign and Mrs. McEachern. There has been much activity at Vancouver III since the last report which told of the conversion of seventeen souls at our Candidates farewell. Our Officers have been conducting some splendid Meetings and the presence of God has been greatly felt. We recently had a visit from Bro. and Sister Loughton, who conducted a Sunday's Service. These Comrades gave us an interesting account of the work amongst the Indians at Glen Vech, B.C.

Staff-Captain Dray was with us the Sunday before the farewell and his thought-provoking messages were a blessing to us all. A Thanksgiving supper was held and the sisters of the Home League served a chicken dinner. We were glad to see Brigadier Layman and his family enjoying their share of the Home Leaguers' efforts. The townspeople appreciated this Open-Air very much indeed. The Band also played at two special Armistice Services held in the city.

On November 12th, a special memorial service for those who died in the Great War was held in the evening Meeting. The Ensign read the 5th Chapter of Isaiah, and Sergeant-Major Bradley spoke, two minutes silent prayer was observed, after which the Last Post was sounded.

Brother Ticker has been made Corps Treasurer, Sister Mrs. Manning, Corps Secretary, and Brother Pierce, Band Secretary. We pray that these Comrades who have been entrusted with such important positions may have God's blessing. We are glad to see back in our midst Sister Marie Wiseman who was a Candidate for the present Training Garrison Seaside and the passing of her father, whom she nursed until the end, prevailed her from going. We hope that God will open the way for her next year.

Professor Olaf, old friend of the Army, who has been speaking for the Master for the last 68 years, unexpectedly dropped into the Meeting at the request of the Ensign. Our visitor gave a brief outline of what he had seen of the Army during his many travels. The Professor said that the one young man he had seen in his home, was a great blessing to his family and himself, and paid a tribute to "the music of the drum." S.C.M.



## The Backslider's Bible

## HAZELTON

Sergeant-Major Philip Wilson. On Sunday, November 13, we had a splendid Meeting in the afternoon, conducted by Captain and Mrs. Wilson. The service was very interesting, and many degrees below zero—there was a good turn out of Comrades to the Meetings. In the evening the Ensign and Mrs. Wilson gave a heart-felt welcome to the Lord's Praise God.—G.T.C.

## COLEMAN

Captain and Mrs. Hind. On Thursday Day we held a Meeting for the returned men, and at this gathering in addition to these friends, there was also present a number of widows of those who lost their lives overseas. Mayor Burns was present in a Love Feast was with Mr. Holmes. The town Band also participated, and the Rev. Mr. Veas, of the United Church, took the lesson.

## ST. JAMES

Ensign and Mrs. Ede—The re-opening of the Citadel, after extensive alterations, was the occasion for much rejoicing on the part of the Soldiers and friends. A full Hall on Sunday morning testified eloquently to this fact, and a blessed and happy time ensued. Interesting and encouraging was the decision of three children who were converted in the Salvation of the day. Following the Ensign's address at the Meeting on Corps Cadet Sunday, two souls were added to the ranks of the Soldiers and Comrades, and much inspiration resulted. At night, in spite of the inclement weather, a large crowd gathered, and much conviction was felt. Captain Watt made some Scriptural statements of a helpful character. Mrs. Ensign spoke, and Ensign Ede gave a heart-rending address.

# THE CORPS AT LA PRAIRIE

Being the Epistles of Hephzibah Nott, School Teacher

A story of Western Canada



## Start The Story Here:

Hephzibah Nott, otherwise Effie—the writer of these letters to her home folks—is a school-teacher who has just taken up duty at a small country school. She finds herself in a circle of Salvationism, and is not yet quite sure that she enjoys the experience.

## CHAPTER VI

### Little Mary Meets With an Accident

"The Dell,"  
La Prairie,  
Sept. 19th

#### Dearest People:

I am so distressed that I scarcely know how to write. You had my scribbled note in which I acknowledged your most delightful and welcome letter. I sent that so that you should not worry over much, for truth to tell, I'm afraid the regularity and verbosity of my first days here have laid a burden on me I cannot continue to carry. So don't be surprised if my correspondence is less regular. I don't think I shall fail in my duty, but I am so distressed. That dear child, Mary Kirk, has met with a most serious accident and just now it seems "touch and go" with her.

There have been many other little happenings, both at school and at the Cromptons, but they are all out of my head, so to speak; by this other dreadful event.

#### Imagine my Horror

We were such a happy little crowd at school. I had had a very severe time with "Skinny", telling him how frightened he made little Mary on their trips to school, and begging him to remember this. Almost with tears in his eyes, he promised amendment and said he had no idea she was so scared. And I, foolish that I am, I imagined the difficulty was at an end. I told "Tubby" he was on no account to let his brother have the control of the old horse and buggy. All went well for a few days.

Oh, mother, imagine my horror last Wednesday morning. I had just turned the corner of the road where one gets the full sight of the schoolhouse, when to my indignation I saw those Wilson boys and the two Kirk children coming down the road to the school. "Tubby", the fat, lazy wretch, was sitting at his ease taking notice of nothing. Harry Kirk was screaming at the top of his excitement, waving a rag at the end of a stick.

"Skinny" Wilson, who I now hear, had bribed his brother to let him drive, was also standing and in an approved "Ben Hur" fashion, was furiously lashing and shouting at old "Joshua." My little Mary, the sweet child, was clinging with all her little strength to the side of the buggy.

Look at old "Joshua"—that old friend of the family—one would imagine he could never be encouraged to anything approaching a gallop; but that morning, either entering into the fun of the race, or scared by the yelling of the children, he was galloping at the full extent of his speed. A gallop which in itself must eventually have spelt disaster.

#### Sense of impending danger

I stood at first with my heart in my mouth and I could do nothing but gape and gasp. Then suddenly I became aware of a sense of impending danger and I started to run, shouting as I ran.

Bless your life, there was no chance of my cries being heard. The cries of "Skinny" and Harry were louder far than my own, until I think "Tubby" must have caught sight of me, and he awoke to sensibility. (Silly fat lump, he was the cause of it all.) He awoke, I think, to the fears of wee, frightened Mary, and without any warning, stood up and grabbed at the reins.

I was running and panting, and so scarcely saw what did happen. Perhaps old "Joshua", answering to the reins,

gave a sudden swerve, or it may have been the final jolting of the old buggy, but something caused the accident. "Joshua" tried to pull the conveyance out of the rut, there was a jolt and a jar, and before I could even so much as open and shut my eyes, Mary was thrown out of the buggy; ahead, so to speak, and I saw the wheels of that wretched old cart go right over her. I verily believe that none of the excited children saw what had happened, for they went careering up the road, or else they could not get the old horse to stop.

I stumbled and ran the few remaining yards and came to the dear, dear child. She was lying so still, and in such a crumpled position. I did not know what to do, but I knelt down beside her and called "Mary, darling," but she made no answer—and, oh, my dearest mother, she hasn't yet made any sound, except the queerest moaning, and that is three—no, four days since.

I gathered her up on my lap nearly as stunned as she, and by that time some idea of the happening had spread to the other children. Some of them who had

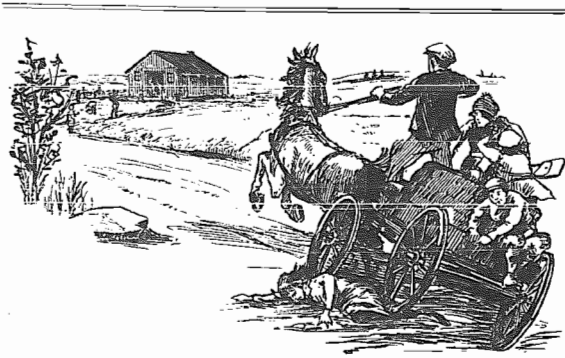
heard the awful tale; telling her too that Mary was killed.

She speedily ran up the doctor, so she told me afterwards and made "Tubby" drive her back to the school. He did this and then went back again to phone and ask if the doctor was coming.

When "Tubby" left us I sent his brother "Skinny" up to the school and told him to bring back the blackboard with him and as soon as he made his appearance with this I lifted the poor child up as carefully as possible placed her on it, and then "Skinny" and I carried her as best we could, into the school room.

You can just imagine my dear ones, how I felt. All those poor children around me; all crying; some of them nearly in hysterics, and Harry Kirk constantly screaming, "Teacher, make her wake up," until I was just about beside myself.

We brought her to the school and I laid her down as gently as I could, half afraid all the time, as I say, that she really never would wake; and I just leave you to imagine how relieved I was when



"A sudden swerve . . . and Mary was thrown out of the buggy."

been watching the racing, had seen Mary fall and they came running down the road, and soon we were an excited little crowd. Cannot you imagine it?

I did not know what to do, but fortunately I realised that if I did not keep myself in hand there would be panic among my little flock. As I think of it now, I can scarcely realise that so dreadful a change could so quickly come over a scene. A few moments before I had been sauntering through the woods, singing, with the joy of the morning; and now the birds were still singing and the sun shining, but here lay my precious little scholar unconscious on my lap.

"Tubby" and "Skinny" "I can't yet bring myself to speak nicely about them—soon joined the excited crowd. Little Harry by this time was stamping and screaming, "Teacher, teacher, make her wake up. Truth to tell, dear mother, I had an awful feeling that she would never wake again.

However, I knew it would do no good to prolong the scene, so I called to "Tubby" to get a move on and take old "Joshua" and fetch a doctor. In my anxiety I quite forgot that it might have been quicker to send to the nearest phone. Evidently this is what "Tubby" did: he went back to the schoolyard where the old horse was standing as placid as you please; got aboard the buggy, and drove back past me. I thought he had gone for the doctor, but instead of that he drove to The Dell, and there found that dear woman—Ma Crompton—and told

I felt dear "Ma's" hand on my shoulder, and heard her say, "Now, Effie, my dear, what is the matter?"

Then I did give way and I broke down and sobbed and cried as much as any.

It did not take Ma Crompton long to find out more than I had done; that the dear child was not dead. Oh, I can't tell you the relief, the absolute joy it was to me when she said, "No, Effie, she isn't," and then in her motherly wisdom she stopped and said: "It's all right, Harry laddie, sister will soon wake up; she is just asleep now, and you really must try to keep quiet."

I knew school was out of the question for that day, and so I dismissed them; all except the Wilsons and little Harry, and we waited for the doctor. We had no difficulty in getting them away; some were just scared and eager to be gone, but the most, I am afraid, wanted to be away to tell their mothers an exciting piece of news. That gave me another scare, for I immediately thought how some of those mothers would make it their business to phone up the Johns' and tell dear little Mrs. Kirk of this fresh trouble.

Just as I was beside myself with anxiety, I heard a car outside, and to my unutterable relief, I found it was the doctor and with him was that lovely man, Mr. Small, the minister. Whilst the doctor—Dr. Lot—was examining Mary, Mr. Small was comforting me, and I believe he just saved me from a fit of hysterics. I was on the verge of something awful—I had quite lost my nerve.

Cannot you imagine—of course you can—the relief it was for me to tell the doctor the story of the accident. He listened in that calm, soothing way that most doctors have, and all the while he was feeling the dear child's limbs and then straightening her out of her crumpled condition.

At last he stood up and I waited breathlessly—we all did—for his verdict; he told us that he could find nothing broken, but evidently it was a bad case of concussion. He did not think, he said, that the buggy was heavy enough to break her limbs.

#### Miserable old skinflint

The relief to me was only temporary, for again I began to worry about the dear child's mother being told. "Skinny" stood fearfully and tearfully by, and "Tubby" had taken little Harry out on to the doorstep and had played and sung him to sleep. He showed some sense in that.

"Well," said the doctor, "what is to be done? Where does she live? We had better make a move, she must be got to bed."

And then that dear old Ma Crompton spoke up and said that they must take the child to her house.

"What," said she, "send her to that miserable old skinflint of a Johns? No, let her come to my house, and her mother too."

It perhaps wasn't the best arrangement, but it was so kindly meant, and after all it has turned out all right, except that now one has time to think about it, it means that poor old Grandmother Johns is left alone with that old curmudgeon. However, I must soon finish my letter—I do seem to run on so needlessly.

That doctor was the kindest man and so was Mr. Small. It was decided that the child was to be put into the doctor's car and taken to the Crompton's house. Ma and I were to go with them. The minister volunteered to go to the Johns farm and tell Mrs. Kirk and fetch her to The Dell, and this plan was carried out.

"Tubby" and "Skinny" once more mounted the buggy and drove homeward, a downcast and ostracised pair. Little Harry, now sobbingly wakeful, went away with the minister. I suppose all these details are interesting.

#### Mary still unconscious

Well, at length we got the poor child to The Dell, and safely "bedded" (as Ma says) in Brenda's sweet little room, which is downstairs and just off the sitting room. The doctor helped us to undress her and get her made comfortable, and it was a different looking little invalid that her mother found on arrival, from what I saw by the roadside an hour earlier.

Mr. Small came back with the dear little mother; she was so calmly excitable, if you know what I mean, and without Harry, who had been left in the care of Mrs. Wilson—greatly to his juvenile delight, so the mother said.

My hand is aching and I cannot write much more, but I know you will want to know all, so I'll finish now, but I must say though, that Mary is still unconscious and lies in the bed like a waxen image. Poor Mrs. Kirk seems quite crushed, and sits hour after hour gazing at her "wee lamb" as she calls her. Ma Crompton comes and goes, full of practical bustle and sympathy, and everybody else—Gus included—moves around with quiet tread as though death was in the house. To day is Saturday, and a relief from school, but it has been a strain sleeping things going, this last few days.

But once more, dearest people, goodbye. I am just going down to take another peep at our little invalid, and then—Good night!

Your loving child,

Effie.

(To be continued in our issue of Dec. 31st)



The Bible is God's  
Book: Is it Yours?

# WAR CRY

Where is the Bible  
your Mother gave You?

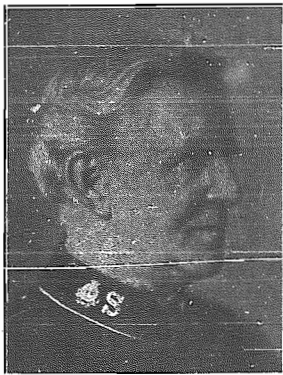
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TERRITORIAL HEADQUARTERS

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1927

WINNIPEG

PRICE FIVE CENTS



Commissioner E. J. Higgins

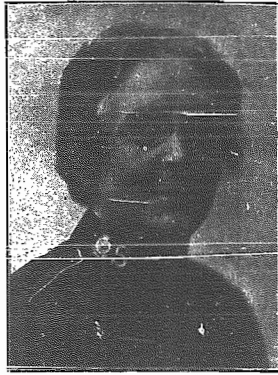
## — THE CHIEF-of-the-STAFF (COMMISSIONER E. J. HIGGINS) and MRS. COMMISSIONER HIGGINS accompanied by Lt.-Commissioner and Mrs. Rich will visit Vancouver

SUNDAY, Dec. 18, (Pantages Theatre)

11 a.m. Holiness Meeting

3 p.m. Lecture: "Seventy Nations—  
One Flag"

7.30 p.m. A Battle of Salvation



Mrs. Commissioner Higgins

## We Are Looking For You

We will search for missing persons in any part of the world, befriend, and, as far as possible, assist anyone in difficulty. Address ENQUIRY DEPARTMENT, 317-319 Carlton St., Winnipeg, Manitoba, marking "Enquiry" on envelope.

One dollar should be sent with every case, where possible, to help defray expenses. In case of reproduction of photograph, three dollars (\$3.00) extra.

1729—David John Stoddart. Missing since Christmas 1926; age 26; height 5 ft. 8 ins.; grey-blue eyes; fair complexion; coal miner in Old Country; native of Wales.

1733—Valentin Flutsch. Last heard from around Edmonton; relatives enquiring.

You may be searching for your lost friend, but have you realized that unless you have found Jesus Christ as your Saviour, you are missing the best of all Friends?

Seek Him To-day.

1752—Joyce D. C. McLane or Laine. Nick-name Joek. Came to Canada this year; age 25½; height 5 ft. 11 in.; sandy hair; blue eyes; high colored complexion. Woodcutter by trade. News urgently wanted by friends in England. Communicate immediately.

1753—Ed Engeström. Norwegian; age 42; height 5 ft. 11 in.; light complexion; blue eyes; straight figure. During war was in 97th Battalion at Winnipeg, in 1916. For a time was at Brandon, father longs for news.

1755—Karl Olaf Field Olsen. Age 18; tall; blonde hair; blue eyes; last heard from 1926. Is a quiet disposition; age 39; height 5 ft.; brown hair; dark eyes; pale complexion. Was two years in place called Wesenwaya.

1757—Henry Jones. Came to Canada 1922; farmer, of Welsh extraction. Thought to be married. Quiet disposition; age 39; height 5 ft.; brown hair; dark eyes; pale complexion. Was two years in place called Wesenwaya.

1765—Allen Ireland. Age 27; height 6 ft.; dark hair; dark brown eyes; dark complexion. Parents anxious.

1766—Henry Boulton. Age 38; height 5 ft. 9 ins.; brown hair; brown eyes; fresh complexion; farming. Was last heard of in Alberta.

1767—Alex. Hart. Age between 35 and 37. For a time was working at Camp 38, Naim Centre, Ontario in 1921. Father anxiously enquiring.

1769—Victor Westfal Franz Siegel. Born in 1873 at Allagen, Soust, Westf., Germany. Is married and a merchant by profession. Last known address, Gretna, Man., in 1919.

1770—Johan Karlson Hagén. Age 49, born at Trogstad, Norway. Medium height; dark hair; blue eyes, last heard of at Qvavd, Sask., via Kerbert.

1771—Ole Bjørnerud. Born 1885; medium height; fair hair; brown eyes. Last heard of in Winnipeg.

1772—Edward Kjøren Fair. Age 21; tall; heavy set; was last heard of at Avonlea, Sask. and was going to Ontario.

1778—Hulda Terzein Fransson. Born in Linds, Sweden, 1865; light hair; medium height; mother anxious.

1783—Emily Aineworth. Age 51; height 5 ft. 2 ins.; dark brown hair; blue eyes; fair complexion. Domestic; English. Last heard of at Vancouver.

There are those who are looking for you, waiting more than anxiously to hear from you. But do you know that One there is Who loves you even more than they? Answer both calls today.

1802—Garfield Billeaud, alias William Cole. French Canadian; age 19; height 5 ft. 7 ins.; weight 140 lbs.; dark hair; brown eyes; fair complexion; employee at hotels; missing 3 years; last heard of in Winnipeg.

1813—Konstantin Alekseev. Born in Riga 1898. Up to year 1919, was a military officer in Russia; left that country in 1920; middle stature; blue eyes.

1817—Wm. Joseph Scott. Half breed; age 28; returned soldier. Should this meet the eye would Wm. J. Scott communicate with his wife Co Mrs. Geo. Hartley, Kamack, Sask.

1818—Christmas Davies—otherwise known as Tommy Davies. Age 52, height 5 ft. 4 in., light colored hair, grey eyes, light complexion, farmer, Welsh, native of Llanely. Last heard from in Bradwardine, Manitoba.

1819—Carl Arthur Vilhelm Emil Anderson. Born in Copenhagen 1884; is usually called Arthur Anderson; last heard of in B.C.; works at clearing of woods or with hunting. Father anxious.

1821—Edward Wadge. Age 56; dark complexion; height 5 ft. 9 in.; during the war he was overseas with Calgary Battalion.

1823—Albert Shales. Age 54; height 5 ft. 10 ins.; dark hair; blue grey eyes; swarthy complexion; native of Wolverhampton. Went to Canada from Bathgate, Scotland in 1913. Brother very anxious.

1825—Harrison Edward. Mrs. Wedderburn of Port Elizabeth, South Africa enquiring. Anyone knowing this man's whereabouts kindly inform this office.

1827—Rourke Charles. Age 28; height 5 ft. 8 in.; fair hair, blue eyes, fair complexion. Usually works as clerk in hotels; relatives enquiring.



Carl Christian Hansen

1639—Frank M. Jones. Age 47; height 5 ft. 5 ins.; dark brown eyes; fair, clear complexion. Born at Walsall, England, and was an insurance agent. Relatives anxious.

1640—Ernest Alfred Hobart. Living on Logan Ave., Winnipeg, in March, 1927 and previously at Brandon. Wife anxious to locate.

1703—George James Payne. Age 38; height 5 ft. 3 ins.; dark hair; dark eyes; yellow complexion; native of London. Came out to Canada with Dr. Barnardo party in 1900. Last known address Newdort, Sask.

1709—Harry Twiggley. Missing since July, 1921; 45 to 60 years of age; height 5 ft. 5 ins.; dark hair; dark eyes; fresh complexion; occupation, shoemaker. For time was in B. C. Relatives enquiring.

1720—Ben Smith. Last known address, Edmonton Street, Winnipeg. Wife anxious to locate.

1725—Arne Andersen Brokkie. Age 24; yellow hair; blue eyes; last heard from April 1927. Railway worker with C.N.R. Winnipeg. A friend is anxious.

(See photo)

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